A

PINDARICK POEM

ON THE HAPPY

CORONATION

Of His most Sacred

MAJESTY

JAMES II.

AND

His Illustrious Consort

QUEEN MARY.

By Mrs. BEHN.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Playford* for *Henry Playford*, near the *Temple-Church*: 1685.

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I.

ARiſe my Muſe! Advance thy *Mourning* Head!
And *ceaſe* lamenting for the *Mighty Dead*!
Quench all the *Funeral Tapers* in your *Tears*,
And as the fainting flames expire,
Let your ſoft falling Tides retire;
While you behold the *Proſpect* that appears
In the vaſt Glories of *ſucceeding years*!
Advance! and throw thy ſable weeds away!
And ſtring thy Lyre for ſome *Harmonious* Lay,
Worthy the *Celebration* of this *Mighty Day*!
Come ye ſoft Angels all, and lend your aid,
Ye little Gods that tun'd the Spheres,
That wanton'd, ſung, and ſmil'd and play'd,
When the *firſt World* was by your *Numbers* made;
And Danc'd to *order* by your *Sacred Ayrs*!
Such *Heavenly Notes* as *Souls* Divine can *warm*,
Such wond'rous *touches* as wou'd move
And teach the *Bleſt* to *Sing* and *Love*!
And even the *Anger* of a *GOD* wou'd *Charm*!
O Tune it high, and ſtrike with bold ſucceſs,
But ſweet and gentle, every ſtrain,
As that which once taught by the *Charming Swain*,
By its ſoft force the *Spirit diſpoſſeſt*
From the great *King* and *Prophets* raging Breaſt.

II.

Yet when thou woud'ſt the *Royal* HERO ſing,
Thy *Godlike* PATRON, and thy *Godlike* KING!
Rough as a *uſeful ſtorm* make him appear!
Or as that welcome *Eaſtern* Wind,
By which th' *Almighty Pow'r* deſign'd
Th' *Egyptian* Locuſt from the Land to bear.
Reſolv'd as the *firſt Meſſenger* of Heav'n,
To whom the great Command was giv'n
The firſt Born *Rebells* to chaſtiſe;
Who, while the flaming Sword he bore,
'Twas only to declare his Pow'r,
And *unuſurpt* maintain his *Paradice*.
Paint him like *Mars* when *Battails* were in *view*,
And no ſoft *Venus* cou'd his Soul *ſubdue*;
All bent for *nobler ſpoil* than *Beauties Charms*,
And loos'd a while from Sacred *LAURA's* Arms.
LAURA! the Chaſt! the Pious! and the Fair!
Glorious, and kind as Guardian-Angels are,
Earths *darling Goddeſs*! and Heav'ns *tend'reſt care*!

III.

But oh my Muſe, when e're thou do'ſt preſume
To touch on ſo *Divine* a *Theam*,
Let it be *Nature* all, thou do'ſt indite,
That thoſe who read in Ages *diſtant* hence
May *feel* the very *Zeal* with which I write;
And by th' *unlabour'd* Verſe be *warm'd* to tender ſenſe:
That *future Lovers* when they hear,
Your *all-ador'd* and *wond'rous* character;
(For ſure the mighty *LAURA's* Name will Live
As long as *Time* its ſelf ſurvive)
May find the *Holy Paſſions* you inſpire,
Such *awful* flame, ſuch *hopeleſs* pain,
Wander and trill through every trembling Vein;
And *Bleſs* the *Charmer* that *Creates* the Fire!
Bleſs the *ſoft Muſe* that cou'd expreſs
Beauty and *Majeſty* in ſuch a dreſs,
As all the World *Adoring* ſhall confeſs!

Oh

Oh *fond ſeducer* of my *Nobler part*,
Thou ſoft inſinuating *Muſe*,
If ever *inſpiration* did impart
The *Soul* of *Muſick* or *Poetick* Art;
Teach me, oh teach me how to chuſe
Fancy for ſo *Divine* a *Theam*, O thou inchanting Muſe!

IV.

The Glorious Ides of *April* now were come,
And Heav'n all open'd to ſurvey
The *Mighty Triumphs* of the Bleſſed Day:
And *Earth* had dreſt her ſelf in all her *Bloom*,
And ſent abroad a *univerſal joy*!
Ten Thouſand *Angels* fill'd the glitt'ring *Air*;
And all was *Harmony* above,
O're all the *Azure plains* the *Golden Cherubs* move;
And *Seraphins* were chanting every where,
Gay Robes of *Light* the young Divinities put on,
And ſpread their *ſhining Locks* to outvie the *Sun*.
On *Pillows* form'd of *yielding Air* they lye,
Plac'd in the mid-way Regions of the Sky;
On *Fury Lutes* and *Silver Harps* they play'd,
And gave the *Sacred* PAIR a Heav'nly *Serenade*:
Call'd forth the *wond'ring* Crowd, the *Beaut'ous* throng,
While all the *Hoſt of Heav'n* attended on the *Song*.

V.

Awake, Oh *Royal Sir*! Oh *Queen*, ador'd, awake!
For whom our *Triumphs* and our *Songs* we make;
The *ſleepleſs Crowds* their *early duties* ſhow,
Th' attending Hierarchies of *Angels* bow;
All *Heav'n* and *Earth* with one united joy
Expect the *mighty buſineſs* of this *coming Day*:
All Languiſh for its bleſt approach — but You,
You to whom *Glory's* can no *Luſter* give,
Whoſe *Beams*, like the expanded Sun,
Adorn what e're they deign to *ſhine* upon;
But no *exalt addition* can receive.
Thou HERO of th' *expecting world* ariſe!
Shake off the downy pleaſures from thy eyes;
And from the ſofteſt Charms of LOVE, Ariſe!
From *joys* too fierce for *any* ſenſe but *Thine*,
Whoſe *Soul*, whoſe *Faculty's* are all *Divine*;

So *Bodies* when *refin'd*, all Heav'n ſurvey,
While *feebler* Mortals *faint* with ev'ry ray:
O riſe from the *inchanting Raviſher*,
Nor liſten to the *Muſick* of Her *Tongue*;
Her *Angel* Eyes, and Voice, ſo *conqu'ring* are,
Love will make *humbler Glory* wait too long.

VI.

And *Thou* bright *Goddeſs* of the *Day*!
For *whom* all longing *Eyes* and *Hearts* prepare;
Thoſe tender panting, *thoſe* ſoft *Tears* of *Joy*,
And with impatient Murm'rings fill the Air;
O Charming *Goddeſs* of the Day appear!
Full of Thy *Bleſt Idea*, they diſdain
A *vulgar thought* to entertain;
Big with *Prophetick Joy*, they lab'ring wait
To utter Bleſſings *wonderful* and *great*;
This day no *rough Fatigues* of Life ſhall vex,
No more *Domeſtick Cares* the mind perplex;
All *common thoughts* are loſt in the *vaſt crowd* of *Joy*,
This *Jubilee*! this Sacred *Holy-day*!
The *Soul* reſolves for *Mirth* and *Play*.
She leaves all *Worldly thoughts* behind,
And in Her haſt out-ſtrips the wanton Wind;
Wou'd ev'n her early vows *neglect* to pay,
But that to Heav'n you *guide* the way;
When for *Your ſafety* all agree to *Pray*.
The *Poor Man* now forgets his *preſſing needs*,
No Penury his exalted looks confeſs,
Neglects the *Body*, while the *Soul* he feeds
On *fancy'd pleaſures* ſcarce arriv'd in *gueſs*.
No ſad *Complaints* aſcend the Sky's,
No Nymphs *reproach'd* in Lovers *ſighs*,
Or Maid *forſaken*, *bends* her lovely eyes.
All with *erected Looks* ſalute the World!
None *bow* beneath the *Preſſure* of a thought,
Unleſs where **Envy** has her *Vipers* hurl'd,
And raging **Malice** even to **Madneſs** wrought,
They hate the *Light* that guides the *work Divine*;
And how'l and gnaſh their Teeth, and ſuffer Hell before their time.
The *Brave* are glad, and gay, the *young* rejoyce,
The *old* in Prayers and Bleſſings lift the Voice;
Virgins the wealth of Flow'ry *April* bring,
And all the *Muſes*, and the *Angels* ſing!

VII.

Behold the *HERO* the bleſt Voice obeys;
And like the *God* of *Luſter* gilds
With early Beams the Eaſtern Hills,
And by degrees th' adoring World ſurveys:
So the bright *Harneſs* he puts on,
And in his hand Divine he takes the *Reins*,
And with life-giving Rule the *God* maintains
The *Glorious Empire* of the *Sun*.
With *eaſe* he guides the fiery *Courſers* round,
And *heat*, and *life*, and *light*, do ſtill abound;
And all things *ſmile* and *thrive* that are in *Nature* found.
Now fiercer *Rays* of *Brightneſs* he aſſumes,
And ev'ry *Minute* do's *inlarge* his Beams;
Till to the fartheſt Poles their *Influence* ſpread,
And ſcatter *Plenty* where his *Glory's* ſhed.
While all the *guilty* fantôms of the *Night*
Shrink from the Piercing *terror* of his *Light!*
Each coming *vulgar*-day, the MONARCH ſhow'd,
But *this* more Sacred, views Him all a *GOD!*
New *youth* and *vigor* fill His *Royal Veins*,
His Glorious *Eyes* young *flames* adorn;
A new *Divinity* in His looks, Proclames
That for *Eternal Empire* He was *Born!*
'Twas ſo He look'd in *Dunkirks* bloody field,
When the dull faithleſs *Belgians* He compell'd;
But when He ſaw th' ungrateful *Britiſh* Foe advance,
For whom *even yet* He had a *tender* ſenſe,
Thus ſpoke! (When, mounted like a Conquering *God*,
From Rank to Rank the wond'rous *Hero* Rod!)
Before (*ſaid he*) mixt Nations *We withſtood*
Conqueſt, *ſcarce* worthy *our expence* of *Blood*;
Like Gallick *onſets*, *briſk at* firſt *they 'ppear*,
But dare not truſt the event *of* fiercer *War*:
'Twas play *before*, *a game We* ſmiling *won*,
Now 'twill be Toyl, *and work*, *not eaſily done*;
My dear lov'd Souldiers theſe are Engliſh Men!
Who though they're forc'd *to fly will* turn *again*;
Stanch *to the* Scent *of* War, *inur'd to Blood!*
Oh happy, if the expenſive flood
Had been deſus'd for wretched *Englands* good!
New Courage to the *fainting Troops* He gave,
And by His great *Example* taught 'em to be *Brave*:

Wonders

Wonders the *Promis'd Monarch* did perform,
And dealt *Deſtruction* round like a reſiſtleſs ſtorm!

VIII.

Nor did His *forward Gallantry* in *War*
Surmount his *Clemency* in *Peace*,
His *Captives* proudly their *ſoft Fetters* bear,
And charm'd to an exceſs,
Adore the *wonders* they beheld,
And kiſt the *Sacred Hand* that chaſt'em ore the field.
His *early Courage* did His Foes *convince*,
Who now their *ſcorn'd Commiſſions* tear,
No longer will the *Tyrants Enſigns* bear;
But Vow *Allegiance* to their *Native Prince*.
They ſaw the *God of War* in ev'ry Grace,
While ſoft *Adonis* revell'd in His face;
The Goddeſs here, might all her wiſh enjoy,
The *rough ſtern* HERO, in the *Charming Boy*!
Such *Looks* as after *Victory* He put on,
With *ſuch* to day the Glitt'ring MONARCH ſhone;
Such *Grace* in Smiles, ſuch *ſweetneſs* in addreſs,
Awfull as *Heav'n*, as eaſy of *Acceſs*;
And *Merciful* as that, when e're he can redreſs!
True *Repreſenter* of the Pow'rs Divine!
Such was the firſt Born-Man,
Heav'n did for an immortal Race deſign,
E're the firſt bright deluded Maid
To ſenſe of Fear, the *Lord of All* betray'd;
So look'd the new-form'd *wonder*, ſo His *Reign* began!
So the gay Beauties of His World ſurvey'd,
While *Heav'n* look'd down and ſmil'd, *well-pleas'd* with what 'thad made.

IX.

See the bright *QUEEN* forſakes her ſofter *joys*,
And now prepares for *Pomp* and *Noiſe*;
That *neceſſary* Toyl of the *Illuſtrious Great*!
Who rarely taſte the *Bliſs* of ſweet *Retreat*,
Like *Heav'n* who neither ſleep nor ſlumber knows,
Short *Dreams* of *Glory* make their whole *repoſe*:
Whatever *reſt* ſoft Nature do's deſign,
The *Sun*, and *They*, muſt ſtill appear and ſhine!
And now, the more ſurpriſing Light
Breaks from the ſilent Empire of the Night;

So

So *Venus* look't when from the Seas
The riſing Beauty view'd the world,
When amorous Waves around the Virgin curl'd;
And all the *wond'ring Gods* with awful pleaſure gaz'd:
All ſigh with Love! all languiſh in their flame,
Yet none his pain preſumes to name;
For oh! the *God-born Maid* from mighty *Neptune* came.

X.

And now the *Nymphs* ply all their Female arts
To dreſs Her for Her *victory* of hearts;
A Thouſand little *LOVES* deſcend!
Young waiting *Cupids* with officious care
In ſmiling order all attend:
This, decks Her *Snowy Neck*, and that Her *Ebon Hair*.
The Trophies which the *Conquereſs* muſt adorn,
Are by the *buſie wantons* born;
Who at Her Feet the ſhining burdens lay,
The Goddeſs pleas'd to ſee their Toyls,
Scatters Ten Thouſand *Graces* from Her *Smiles*;
While the wing'd Boys catch ev'ry *flying Ray*.
This bears the valu'd *Treaſure* of the *Eaſt*,
And lugs the Golden casket on His Breaſt;
Anothers little hand ſuſtains
The weight of *Oriental* Chains;
And in the flowing jetty *curles*
They weave and braid the luced *Pearls*;
Round Her bright *Face* their nimble fingers play,
And ev'ry *touch* gives the young *Gods* a joy!
They gaze and hov'r round Her wond'rous *Eyes*;
Where a vaſt Heav'n of *Wit* and *Beauty* lies;
They point their Darts, and make their Arrows fine,
From the eternal Rays with which they ſhine;
From Her fair riſing *Breaſts* ſoft ſighs they take,
To keep young tortur'd *Lovers* ſtill awake.
From ev'ry *Charm* and *Grace* they bear,
Uneaſie wiſhes, and *deſpair*;
From Her alone the Bankrupt Loves ſupply,
Their rifl'd Quivers with Artillery.
Fatal to *All* but Her Lov'd *Monarchs* heart,
Who of the *ſame* Divine Materials wrought;
Cou'd equally exchange the dart,
Receive the wound with Life, with Life the wound impart;
And mixt the Soul as gently as the thought:

Wonders the *Promis'd Monarch* did perform,
And dealt *Deſtruction* round like a reſiſtleſs ſtorm!

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While *Heav'n* look'd down and ſmil'd, *well-pleas'd* with what 'thad made.

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See the bright *QUEEN* forſakes her ſofter *joys*,
And now prepares for *Pomp* and *Noiſe*;
That *neceſſary* Toyl of the *Illuſtrious Great*!
Who rarely taſte the *Bliſs* of ſweet *Retreat*,
Like *Heav'n* who neither ſleep nor ſlumber knows,
Short *Dreams* of *Glory* make their whole *repoſe*:
Whatever *reſt* ſoft Nature do's deſign,
The *Sun*, and *They*, muſt ſtill appear and ſhine!
And now, the more ſurpriſing Light
Breaks from the ſilent Empire of the Night;

So

So *Venus* look't when from the Seas
The rising Beauty view'd the world,
When amorous Waves around the Virgin curl'd;
And all the *wond'ring Gods* with awful pleasure gaz'd:
All sigh with Love! all languish in their flame,
Yet none his pain presumes to name;
For oh! the *God-born Maid* from mighty *Neptune* came.

X.

And now the *Nymphs* ply all their Female arts
To dress Her for Her *victory* of hearts;
A Thousand little *LOVES* descend!
Young waiting *Cupids* with officious care
In smiling order all attend:
This, decks Her *Snowy Neck*, and that Her *Ebon Hair*.
The Trophies which the *Conqueress* must adorn,
Are by the *busie wantons* born;
Who at Her Feet the shining burdens lay,
The Goddess pleas'd to see their Toyls,
Scatters Ten Thousand *Graces* from Her *Smiles*;
While the wing'd Boys catch ev'ry *flying* Ray.
This bears the valu'd *Treasure* of the *East*,
And lugs the Golden casket on His Breast;
Anothers little hand sustains
The weight of *Oriental* Chains;
And in the flowing jetty *curles*
They weave and braid the luced *Pearls*;
Round Her bright *Face* their nimble fingers play,
And ev'ry *touch* gives the young *Gods* a *joy*!
They gaze and hov'r round Her wond'rous *Eyes*;
Where a vast Heav'n of *Wit* and *Beauty* lies;
They point their Darts, and make their Arrows fine,
From the eternal Rays with which they shine;
From Her fair rising *Breasts* soft sighs they take,
To keep young tortur'd *Lovers* still awake.
From ev'ry *Charm* and *Grace* they bear,
Uneasie wishes, and *despair*;
From Her alone the Bankrupt Loves supply,
Their rifl'd Quivers with Artillery.
Fatal to *All* but Her Lov'd *Monarchs* heart,
Who of the *same* Divine Materials wrought;
Cou'd equally exchange the dart,
Receive the wound with Life, with Life the wound impart;
And mixt the Soul as gently as the thought:

So the Great THUND'RER *Semele* d'ſtroy'd,
Whil'ſt only JUNO cou'd embrace the *God*!

XI.

Behold Her now by *Loves* and *Graces* dreſt!
Like the Great Wife of *Jove* in *Venus Ceſt*;
Now She may ask whate're the *God* can grant,
If ought of Pow'r, or Glory, She can want;
But Heav'n has ſuperſeded all Her care,
And giv'n till it has left no *uſe* for Pray'r.
No wiſh for *Times* ſwift Courſers to run back,
To catch one flying minute paſt;
The *coming* hours, new *pleaſures* haſt;
Fortune and *Nature* ſtill agree to make
Each preſent minute gayer than the laſt:
This gives you *Empire!* while Three Nations pay
Their *willing homage* to your Scepters ſway.
That gives you *Beauty!* which without the aid
Of feebler pow'r, *commands* and is *obey'd*!
Bewitching *youth* do's over all appear,
So Flow'rs juſt blown, their nobleſt Luſter ſhew,
When ſhining in their Morning dew;
All their freſh Fragrancies they wear.
Almighty *Wit* and *Vertue*! Crowns the whole,
In ev'ry look and Feature of your Face,
We may the well-known *Excellencies* Trace
Of your Diviner Soul!
Though the ſoft Muſick of your *Words* ſhou'd ceaſe,
Your Charming *Eyes* wou'd Your great *Thoughts* confeſs!
Oh Bleſt are they that may at *diſtance* gaze,
And *Inſpirations* from Your *looks* may take,
But how much more their happier Stars they Praiſe,
Who *wait*, and *liſten* when you *ſpeak*!
Mine for no *ſcanted bliſs* ſo *much* I blame,
(Though they the *humbleſt* Portion deſtin'd me)
As when they *ſtint* my *nobleſt Aim*,
And by a ſilent dull obſcurity
Set me at *diſtance*, much too far
The *Deity* to *view*, or Divine *Oracle* to hear!
So when the *Iſraelites* all wond'ring ſtood,
With awful Rev'rence in the vale beneath,
They ſaw from *far* the *Glory's* of the GOD;
But to *approach* the Sacred *Mount* was *Death*!

His

His *Dictates* by the *Holy Prophet* came,
'Twas He *alone* that did the pow'r receive,
To *hear* th' ALMIGHTY's voice and *live*;
It was enough for them below to *view* the Heav'nly flame.

XII.

Not the gay feather'd Chanters of the *Air*
With earlier Songs salute the breaking Day,
Than crowding *Hero's*, who to Court repair,
Do hail, and bless the Kingdoms *Hope* and *Joy*!
And now the gilded Barges wait
The coming of th' *Illustrious Freight*;
So *Rich* a Prize no Vessel blest before,
But *that* which the *Almighty* SAVIOUR bore!
Their Golden Streamers glitter in the *Air*,
And ruff'd by the softer Wind,
(That plays and wantons unconfin'd)
They gently waft the Worlds *Peculiar Care*.
The sullen *Sea-Gods* wond'ring rise,
Rous'd by the *joyful* shouts and cry's;
Which from the crowded shores ascend the Sky's.
They shake Their Tridents and the Waves obey,
Dress their *Blew Locks* and flounce along the Sea,
To pay their Tributes to the *Greater* DEITY.
Him, whom so *oft* with wonder they beheld,
With slaughter dye the verdant watry field;
When o're the wild insatiate flood,
He darted *Thunder* like an *Angry God*!
While round Him Death in *horrid* Triumph lay,
Where storms of *winged ruine* fore'd their way.
Yet still the *saving Angel* guarded *Him*;
The *Bloody* Signets which He wore
Made the *Avenger* pass the *sacred Door*,
And still *Preserv'd* the faithful *guest* within.
Oh had *that Senate*, whose *Ingratitude*
The ROYAL HEIR indeavour'd to *Exclude*;
Beheld His *single* wonders of that Day,
When o're the liquid Plain He cut His way;
Through show'rs of *Death* and Clouds of dark'ning smoke,
Like fatal *Light'ning* the fierce *Victor* broke,
And *kill'd*, where e're He dash'd th' *unerring stroke*;
Instead of *Votes* against His *Right* and *Fame*,
They'd rais'd *Eternal Altars* to His *Name*!

Ador'd

Ador'd Him as a thing Divine,
And made a *God* of Him before His time!
But *they* Heav'ns mightieſt Bleſſing did *diſown*,
And ſtrove (oh *baſe* reward!) in *vain* to blaſt His NAVAL CROWN.

XIII.

The *Tritans* from the *Marvels* which they ſaw,
Did *Omens* of their *Future homage* draw;
They in the HERO view'd their *coming* KING,
And from Their *wonder* fell to *Worſhipping*.
And what before was to the victor due,
They to the Monarch doubly here renew.
The *River Nymphs* forſake their native ſtreams,
And make their Court to happier *Thames*;
Their Pipes of Reeds and ſhelly Muſick bring,
The *Tritons* play, while the young *Naieds* ſing;
And all the liſtening ſhore along,
Of *Jove!* and *Juno!* was their Song.
Which oftentimes they did rehearſe,
And *Iô peans* Crown'd the Verſe!

XIV.

Jove *for whom our Alters ſmoke*,
Jove, *whom Gods and Men invoke*;
By whoſe ſole power the laughing year
Rouls round the gilded Hemiſphere;
Who do'ſt its eaſie paces move,
By the ſoft rule of Peace and Love:
Accept what we thy watery Subjects bring,
Oaken Garlands for our King,
Ever Green and flouriſhing!
Which Thy Empire ſhall Proclaim
O're the Tributary Main;
See the Triumphant wreath's are dreſt
With all the ſhining Trophies of the Eaſt;
Such as remoteſt ſhores afford,
With which they own and greet their Lord;
By this gay tenure 'tis they hold
Their Rocks of Diamonds, and their Hills of Gold:
And thus acknowledge thus we pay
Great Jove! *on this Thy ſolemn Holy-day.*

XV.

XV.

But what at Sacred Juno's feet
Shall the Adoring Nymphs present?
Juno charming, chaſt and ſweet,
The refuge of the Innocent:
The buſineſs of our pious Theames,
Our waking Bliſs, our joy in Dreams;
The Preſident of Vertuous Wives,
The bright example of the fair,
Whence Virgins learn their modeſt lives,
And Saints their pure Devotion there;
And all the Goddeſſes of leſs degree
Take a peculiar Majeſty.
The humble ſoftneſs of a mortal mind,
(Where all the Graces are confin'd)
With every Grandure of a Deity.
The nobleſt Songs from You their Beauties take,
Divinely you reſtore our fainting ſkill,
Inſpire the chaſt and flaming quill,
Teach Poets how to ſing! and Angels how to ſpeak!
Oh what to Juno ſhall we pay
On this Her ſolemn Holy day!

XVI.

Ten Thouſand Garlands from the ſtores
Of flowry Aromatick ſhores;
With ſhining Colours newly born,
All blooming Beauties of the Morn!
Gather'd before the Delphick God,
Or the ſoft Wind that gently breaths,
Had kiſt the tender Virgin Bud,
Had robb'd the ſweetneſs from their leaves;
In myſtick order theſe ſhall ſpread
The hollow'd ground, where Thou ſhalt tread,
And ſhed their Infant Odours round Thy Sacred head:
Ten Thouſand Hearts all with ſoft wiſhes fill'd,
Chaſt as Thy Boſom, pure as is Thy Fame,
Ten Thouſand Vows from Souls that yield
Eternal Adorations to Thy Name!
Let the contending Merchant ſtrive
For Indian Pearls and Weſtern Ore,
Thoſe raſſl'd Toys by which They thrive,
And ſell their ſafties on the ſhore;

Unvalu'd trifles to a Power Divine,
To whom a wounded Heart is more
Than all the Ranſackt World has laid before
Upon the Worſhipt ſhrine!
Theſe are the Tributes we devoutly pay
Great Juno *on Her ſolemn* Holy-day.

XVII.

While thus the Raviſht *Nerieds* Sung
The Echoes from the crowded ſhore,
Repeated the glad Muſick o're;
And all the Banks with Acclamations rung,
Like well-tun'd Vollies with united Peals:
Which after rattle in the diſtant Sky,
Long live our Sacred *King* and *Queen*! they cry,
And all the vacant round with joyful murmer fills,
Repeating ſtill the grateful noiſe
As faſt as e're they could recharge the Voice;
The different ſhoutings of the Throng,
The Female Treble, and the Manly Baſe,
The dead flat Notes of the declining race,
Tun'd to the ſharp ones of the young,
Compleats the nobleſt Muſick of the Day:
And though each bore a different part,
'Twas all one Voice, and one united Heart,
Rejoyc'd, and bleſt the Monarch all the way.

XVIII.

Here let the *Royal Pair* a while repoſe
Oh thou impatient Muſe!
Though loth as are my Eyes the bliſs to loſe;
Who never yet could ſatisfie their ſight,
Which do's new life infuſe,
When ever they repeat the true delight.
How oft, how ſilently, alas!
I glide, and hover round the awful place,
Like Fantoms, where their hidden Treaſure lies;
Or hoping Lovers who at diſtance gaze,
And watch the tender Moments of their Miſtreſs Eyes.
How e're I toil for Life all day,
With what e're cares my Soul's oppreſt,
Tis in that Sun-ſhine ſtill I play,
Tis there my wearied Mind's at reſt;

But oh *Viciſitudes* of Night muſt come
Between the riſing Glories of the Sun!

XIX.

And now the *Royal Robes* are on,
But oh! what numbers can expreſs
The Glory of the Sacred Dreſs!
Not the gay *Planet*, when he's haſting down,
Flowing and ruddy to his *Thetis* Bed,
And guilds the Sky with dazling Red:
Nor the ſoft Rays of new-born Light,
Or Heav'n in fancy e're was form'd ſo bright.
And now a vaſt Illuſtrious Train of Stars
Declares, great *CINTHIA* firſt appears;
Thoſe Stars who rule the Fortune, and the Fate,
Of all the Amorous, Brave, and Great:
For what e're Merit *Nature* gives,
'Tis by their influence alone it thrives;
So ſparkling and ſo fair a Train,
Did ne're attend the Goddeſs o're the Aerial Plain;
The Conqu'ring Nymphs and Hero's there,
The Graces and the Worthy's mingled were;
Each would a noble Song require,
But I have Tun'd my joyful *Lyre*
Only for *Royal Theams*;
And the kind Flatterer ſooths my heart,
And will no trembling Note impart
To any Muſick, but the Charming Names
Of Sacred *LAURA*! Sacred *JAMES*.

XX.

She Comes———
Behold the Badge of Peace and Innocence!
The Ivory Scepter is in Triumph born,
So do's the Milky way advance
Before the Riſing Morn;
A *Hero* more than half a God,
Whom all the Graces and the Charms Adorn;
Whom ev'ry Muſe, and Vertue do's inſpire,
Whom all the Witty, Great, and Good, admire,
Supports the awful Myſtick Rod:
DORSET, whoſe Eyes with all the Beauties ſhone,
Which he in *Love*, and in *Succeſs* puts on.

A careleſs

A carleſs Grandure, and a Generous Air,
Did over all the Lord of Hearts appear,
Eternal ſoftneſs, and Eternal Wit:
His looks made good to day, all he e're ſpoke or Write.

XXI.

The Golden *Scepter* noble RUTLAND bore,
In whoſe rich Veins the *Royal* Purple Springs
From mighty *YORK*! whoſe conqu'ring Arms of yore
Could ſway the Fortunes, and the Fates of *Kings*:
Still to the *juſter* ſide they brought their *Swords*,
And many a Glorious *field* the wond'rous Name *Records*.

Next view a *Hero* in His propher Sphere,
While BEAUFORD do's the Sacred Circle beat,
A *Prince*! whom Heav'n and Nature form'd to move
The ill-maner'd World to *Reverence*, and to *Love*.
A *Prince*! ſo truly brave, ſo greatly good,
That when in after *Ages* Men would *Fame*,
Some future *Hero* with the Nobleſt Name,
Whoſe conſtant *Loyalty* undaunted ſtood,
Preſerv'd it ſelf in its divineſt forms
Amidſt a Thouſand meeting *Storms*;
A ſecond *BEAUFORD's* Name the youth ſhall Crown,
And over pay His *Glory* and *Renown*.

XXII.

And now loud *Admirations* fill the ſpace,
And *Hearts* with nimbler *Motions* beat,
Behold the QUEEN the Raptur'd Crowds repeat!
She comes! She comes with a Triumphant Grace,
And all Heav'n opens in her Angel Face;
Bright were Her *Beams*, and all around they *Shone*,
And darted awful *Fire* to all the *lookers* on;
So heedleſs *Lovers* do with CUPIDS play
'Till the *Boys* ſhoot and ſpoil their fancy'd Joy:
Thus all adorn'd with Sacred Beauty's Charms
Through the vaſt *Chriſtian* Camp the fair *INCHANTRESS* Rode,
And where the nobleſt *Warriers* wond'ring ſtood,
Her killing eyes dealt their reſiſtleſs *harms*;
Through the rough *Male* the ſubtle *Light'ning* plaid,
And the ſtern *Heart* to tenderneſs betray'd:

Her

Her *Love-drawn Chariot* mov'd with ſolemn State,
While round it the adoring *Princes* wait,
With *Sigh* and *Vows* Petitioning their *Fate*;
But with this difference, while that *Charmer* ſtrove
To take *Revenge!* in the ſoft ſnares of *Love*,
Ours, all *Divine!* by *chance* her Beauty's hurl'd,
And has without *deſign* ſubdu'd the World;
But oh! in vain is any *likeneſs* made,
'Tis Coppying of the *Day!* by *Gloom* and *Shade*.
The *wonder* that the PROPHET did unfold,
When Heav'n in **Revelation** he ſurvey'd,
And the Bright WOMAN did behold
In wond'rous *Garments* of the *SUN Aray'd*,
And underneath *her feet* the *Moon* ſubdu'd,
At this *Divine Appearance* ſeem'd *renew'd*.

XXIII.

A *NYMPH* the faireſt ever ſhin'd in *Courts*,
NORFOLK the *Generous*, *Gay*, and *Great*,
To whom each *Muſe* officiouſly reſorts,
And with their *Songs* their *Patron* Miſtreſs Greet;
To make the Illuſtrious *Train* compleat;
The Sacred ROBE ſupports.
Aided by young DIANA's all as fair
As the coy *Maid* the *amorous GOD* purſu'd,
As *Chaſt* as *ſhe*, as *unſubdu'd*;
Unſoyl'd even by the wanton wiſp'ring *Air*.
No *guilty* though had ever ſpread
Their lovely *Virgin* Cheeks with Red,
No *Lovers Sighs* had blown the *bluſhes* there,
For all their *Roſes* in the *Bud* appear.

XXIV.

And now the raviſht *People* ſhout a new!
Their KING! their dear-lov'd MONARCH is in view;
The conſtant *AYLESBURY*, and the Loyal *GRAI*,
Prepare the mighty Way.
This bears the *Marſhal Staff*, and that the *Spur*,
Of bleſt *Saint EDWARD*, KING and CONFESSOR.
To whom Heav'n firſt the *Myſtery* did unfold,
By Sacred *Touches*, and by *Hollow'd Gold*,
To *heal* that elſe *uncurable* Diſeaſe
That poſes *Art*, and baffles all the *Wiſe*.

The faithful *PETERBOROW*, whoſe unmatch'd *zeal*,
Purſu'd his *Suffering Princes* adverſe *Fate*,
When *Factious Malice* that out-acted *Hell*,
Drove the ſubmitting *Exile* to a Foreign State;

Deserv'd the Glory which that day he wore,
And dares defend the Treasure that he bore. [Scepter.]

PEMBROOK! the thoughful *PEMBROOK* next surveys,
All form'd for *Victory* and *Love*,
In whose fine *Eyes* a Thousand *Graces* move,
And little *sighing Gods* around *him* play,
Who watch each melancholy *look*, and bear
The pointed *Ruin* to some gazing *fair*.
His hand the SWORD adorn'd with equal Grace,
As *Wit* his softer *Tongue*, or *Love* his conqu'ring *Face*.

Great *DARBY*, and the long-fam'd *SHREWSBURY*,
Whose happless *Sires* in bright **Allegiance** shone,
With *Toyl*, and *Wounds*, and many a *Victory*,
Such *Trophies* for their *Heirs* have wone,
As this days *Triumphs* do their *Fames* reward,
The *Pointed* and more Honour'd *Broken* SWORD.

OXFORD the *Brave*, whose unexampl'd *Name*,
Was never tainted with *Rebellious* Crimes,
But 'mongst the vast *Records* of *deeds* and *times*,
Remains *unblemisht* in the Book of *Fame*:
Justly that **Sword** of *State* in *Peace* he ought to bear,
Who knows so *Nobly* how to manage *it* in **War**.

XXV.

Upon the *Royal Charge* two *Princes* wait,
Youg *GRAFTON*, the *Illustrious* and the *Great*,
England's **High Constable**, for this blest *Day*,
Too large a *Power* to bear a longer *Sway*.
Beneath this *Change*, ah! sigh not *Royal Youth*,
Thy blooming *Vertues* still will *rise* and *Live*;
As *Flowers* transplanted better *thrive*,
And mend their *Luster*, and their *growth*;
Securely *thou* may'st *shine* beneath this *Sun*,
And in the *Path* of *Honour* thou'st begun,
May'st a long *Race*, of lasting *Glories* run:
Remaining as thou art, *brave*, *Loyal*, *true*,
Thou, in *thy* KING, will find the FATHER too.

NORFOLK! the greatest *Subject*, and the *best*,
Whose *Loyalty* indur'd the utmost test;
A PRINCE! whose Glorious *Name* has stood,
Belov'd at *home*, ador'd *abroad*:
Stedfast in all the *Vertues* of the *Brave*,
And to no *Vices* of the *Great* a slave;
True to *his* KING, *his Honour*, and *his Word*,
MÆCENA of my *Muse*, my *Patron* Lord.

Great.

XXVI.

Great *ORMOND* ! whom no *time* or *Age* can bow ;
But on his awful Reverend brow,
Serenely as the *Summer* of his years,
Before the *Autumn* blasts bereaves
The goodly *Ceder* of his youthful *Leaves*,
Full *blown*, not *fading*, still appears.
Who to *Command*, and to obey,
For a long *Race* of years has shew'd the noblest way ;
Brave in the *Field*, in *Council* Wise,
Stedfast in *Loyalty*, in *Honour* nice ;
Gracious in *Power*, unruffl'd in a *Storm*,
Humble in *Court*, and Glorious in a *Calm* :
This *Day*, the Sacred *Diadem* he bore,
Whose dear *defence* so long had been *his care*,
That *Diadem* that Grac'd his hand before,
Whose *Right*, so oft he did assert in War.

Great *SOMERSET*, that Name of high Renown,
Allied to *Kings*, though not of *Kingly Race*,
Guarded the Worlds great Treasure, *Englands* Crown ;
While the Worlds *Emblim* did the *Hero* Grace ;
His *Youth* and *Beauty* did Adorn *his* State,
And the young Atlas smil'd beneath *his* Glorious weight.

The n're to be forgotten *ALBEMARLE*,
Whose *Name* shall last when *Nature* is no more,
That *Name*, that did lost Britain's Joy *restore* ;
Its *Worship'd* Champion and its General.
The second *Guardian* of the CROWN was made,
And in *his hand* to *day* the *Peaceful* SCEPTER sway'd ;
The true-born *English Bravery* of whose *mind*,
His Native *Loyalty*, and intrinsick *worth*,
Shows *him* of that *Diviner* kind,
When *Demi-Gods* with *Mortals* joyn'd,
And brought the *first-born Race* of *Hero's* forth.

XXVII.

And now, the *Earthly GOD* appears in *view*,
While the glad *Crowd* their lowder *shouts* renew,
Wild with their *joy*, even rudly they *express*
Its vast *concern*, its vast *excess* !
All stretch themselves beyond their native height,
At more advantage to behold the *Sight* ;
That Sacred *sight* ! which though each day we view,
'Tis every day all *Charming*, *Dear* and *New* !
So on *Olympus* top the *GOD* appears,
When of his *Thunder* he disarms,
And all his *atributes* of *mercy* wears
The sweetness of Divine *forgiving* Charms.

With Smiles he casts His *Gracious* Eyes around,
Inspiring FAITH from ev'ry *look* and *Grace*,
No *Soul* so dull to humane *sense* was found
As not to read its *safety* in His *Face*.
Where **Fortitude** and **Bravery** sate
In solemn Triumph over **Fate**,
Where **Truth** in all her *honest* Glory shin'd,
That darling *vertue* of His *Godlike* mind;
So well His *looks*, and *Soul* accord,
The kind **Confirmers** do confess
How like a *King*! he does profess,
How like a GOD! maintain His *Word*.
O ye fond *hapless* unbelieving *Jew*,
Ye *Obstinate*, ye *Stubborn*, *stiff-neck'd crew*;
Who love your fears of *insecurity*;
And have like **Witches**, your infection hurl'd,
To *torture* and *disease* the World;
Come and be *cur'd* of your blind **Sorcery**,
That *Hell-born* **Malice**, that you have *expres't*,
And *Damn'd* your selves meerly to *Damn* the rest;
You, whom no *word* of *King*, or *GOD*! can calm,
But wrest 'em both to your *convenient* sense,
Who like *Land Pirates* bless the *Storm*,
When the rich *Ship-wrack* proves your *recompence*.
By different *Kings* your *Vertues* have been try'd,
The *Pious*, *Peaceful*, and the *Brave* were given,
But still that *Hypocrite* (*self-interest*) sway'd,
And *you dislik'd* because the choice of *Heav'n*!
So the fond *Jews* their *Faithless* murmurings show'd,
Rebell'd for *change*, though *Govern'd* by their *GOD*.

As a bright *Evening* Crowns a Glorious *Day*,
NORTHUMBERLAND brought up the *Rear*,
NORTHUMBERLAND the *Lovely*, *Young*, and *Gay*,
Blest by the *Crowds*, and to the *Souldiers* dear;
A charming *Youth* of *Royal Race*,
His God-like *Father* pictur'd in *his face*,
With a soft *mixture* of *his* Beautious *Mothers Grace*.

XXVIII.

Thus the great *charge* they to the *Temple* bring
There, not to *make*, but to *confirm* the *King*!
So the Triumphant *Ark* with Songs was *born*,
And *Sanctify'd* the place it did *Adorn*!
And Lo———
The opening *Scene* of the third *Heav'n* appears,
Where *Glory* sits Enthron'd above the *Stars*;

Where

Where no faint *Mortal* object meets the *Eye*,
But ev'ry where 'tis all *Divine*,
All Raptur'd *Joy*! all perfect *Extasie*;
Where *Angels* and *Dominions* joyn,
Where *Principalities* and *Powers* combine,
And round the Sacred *Throne* in wond'rous order *shine*.
Where every *Sense* receives the full *delight*,
Seraphic Musick Charms the *Ear*:
The *Eyes* are Raviſht with inceſſant *Light*,
And Hallow'd *Incenſe* fills the perfum'd Air.
The *Soul* with Nobleſt *touches* bleſt,
Diſdains the ſcanty confines of the *breaſt*,
And flatterers where eminenter *Glories* play,
And greedily it feeds on *Heav'nly* joy!

XXIX.

Miſtaken *School-men*, you who vainly ſtrive
Juſt Notions of *Eternal Bliſs* to give,
By dull compariſon with *things* below,
Saphers, and *Diamonds*, *Chryſtal Gold*, and *Light*;
By leſſening *Objects*, *time*, and *pains* beſtow
To *Paint*, what cannot be conceiv'd by *ſight*.
Henceforth the Sacred **Manſion** to diſplay,
(And tell us what you *mean*, by what ye *ſay*)
Deſcribe Great *JAMES*, and *LAURA's Coronation Day*!
Tell, how they ſate *Enthron'd* with Rays of *light*,
What *Hoſts* of *Angels* did Adore the *ſight*.
Deſcribe the *Hallelujah's* of the *Crowd*,
When thrice with joyful cries they gave *Aſſent* aloud:
Tell, how the awful MONARCH Mounted ſtood,
And by the beſt of *Mortals* make us gueſs the *GOD*.
Tell us, that ſo Mount *SINAI's* top *He* bleſt,
When to his *People* he diſpene'd the *Law*,
When ſhining *Glories* all the *God-head* dreſt,
And all below *ador'd* the wonder that they *Saw*!
And when the *Miniſtering Powers* yea would expreſs,
Deſcribe the *Reverend* **Clergy** in *Pontifick* dreſs.
And who would tell us how th' **Almighty** ſpeaks,
When *Angels* bow with awful liſt'ning down!
From **Elp's** *Sermon*, the beſt *Rhetorick* takes;
Elly, that Ornament of the ſtill Loyal *Gown*:
And when *Heav'ns* brightneſs ye would make appear,
Behold the *QUEEN*, and copy it all from *Her*.

XXX.

All *Hail*! thou *born* of more than *Kingly Race*,
Monarchs and **Poets** did thy *Lineage* Grace!

At once the *Crown* and *Lawrel* dreſt,
The *Royal* Family of *ESST.*
Great *ARIOSTO* from Thy Race did *ſpring*,
That taught his *Heros* how to *Love* and *Sing*!
May all the *Joys* Triumphant *Beauties* Bleſs,
And all Chaſt *Lovers* fancy in *Succeſs* :
May all the *Glory* that on *Empires* wait,
With ev'ry *quiet* of *retreat*,
Crown your ſoft *hours*, and be in *Heav'n* confirm'd,
While to ſecure you *Bleſt*, the adoring *Worlds* concern'd.

Great *Prince* of *wonders*, and welcome to that *Throne*,
Both to Your *Vertues*, and Your *Sufferings* due;
By *Heav'n* and *Birth-right* all Your own,
You ſhar'd the *Danger*, ſhare the *Glory* too;
Whom *Providence*, (by Numerous *Miracles* wrought)
Through all the mazes of *Misfortunes* brought!
You mount the unruly *World* with eaſie *force*,
Reward with joy, but *Puniſh* with remorſe;
The wanton *Beaſt Reſtive* with eaſe has lain,
And 'gainſt the *Rider* lifts the ſawcy *heel*;
But now a skillful *hand* aſſumes the *Rein*,
He do's the *experienc'd Conquerour* feel,
And finds his head-ſtrong *Diſobedience* vain,
Proud of his *Glorious load*, he *leaps*, and *bounds*
Becomes the *Beauty* of the neighbouring *Plains*,
New *Life* and new *Activity* he gains,
And through the *Groves* his cheerful *Neigh* reſounds;
Lives *Glad* and *Gay*, beneath that Generous *Rule*
That ne're will let his *uſeful* Mettle *cool*.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Pindarick on the Death of our late Sovereign, with an Ancient Prophecy on His Preſent Majeſty. Written by Mrs. *Behn*.

A Poem Humbly Dedicated to Her Sacred Majeſty *Catherine* Queen Dowager, on the Death of her dear Lord and Husband King *CHARLES* the Second, by Mrs. *Behn*.

A Pindarick Ode on the Sacred Memory of our Late Gracious Sovereign King *CHARLES* the Second: To which is added another Eſſay on the ſame occaſion, by Sir *F. F.* Knight of the *Bath*.

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